



## HANGING UP THE STOCKINGS

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## A Shepherd's Christmas

By Temple Bailey

THE boy's lantern glowed like a will-o'-the-wisp as he came down the dark mountain path to the little church. Soon other lanterns joined his, and then the flickering lights played on the bright dress of a girl or the eager face of a child, but for the most part the shadowy figures gave no hint of race or degree, until at last the little crowd gathered into a poorly lighted room, where the flare of an oil lamp showed a motley gathering of country people.

As the boy slouched toward a seat a girl stopped him. She wore a pink knitted hood, and her cheeks rivalled the color of her head-covering.

"Merry Christmas," she said, and gave him a coquettish glance from her bright eyes as he returned her greeting.

The boy walked by her side a little awkwardly, but unafraid. He was 19, and he lived on the hills. It was the time for love, and the girl was his chosen mate. After the festivities they would go up the dark path together, and he would kiss her at the door of her father's cabin, and that would be their betrothal.

They sat together on the front bench and read from the same hymn book. The boy sang softly. He would not let out his voice in the little room; it was only on the mountain top that the deep tones rang like a bell as he chanted a wild song to his sheep.

The thought of the sheep brought uneasiness. Up there on the mountain his flock lay waiting for him to come and open to them the shelter of their shed, but the temptation to go a-peacocking had been great, and the smile of the pink-cheeked girl, the music, the lights, the companionship, had lured him from the lonely watch under the stars.

Then the girl whispered to him, and he forgot care, until a little later an outer door opened, and a man stepped in, his shoulders white with glistening flakes.

"It's snowin'," said the boy.

The girl nodded, but kept her eyes on the stage, where four small girls recited a Christmas poem in unison. Again the boy's thoughts flew to

nearest the door stumbled in stiffly when the boy unlocked it.

Inside was a rude fireplace, and wood was piled beside it. The boy built a great fire, and the flock, retreating before the blaze, lay down on the trodden straw with soft sounds of content. Then the boy brought in two weak ewes, and laid them close to the flames, and watched them anxiously until they revived and staggered back to their fellows.

For a long time after that the boy sat in front of the fire and thought of the girl. She would go home with his rival, and they would part at the door. The boy's face flushed and his hand clenched as he thought of the parting. Would she—

He rose and went to the door, and flung it open. Outside the stars were blotted out, the wind raged and the snow whirled. He felt as if between him and the girl there was the barrier of an unknown world. He had done his duty, and she had not understood.

He went in and laid down in front of the fire, with his great coat drawn over him.

"Let her go, let her go," sang the roaring flame. "Let her go, let her go," raged the wind outside. Then came the soft consolation from within. "You cared for the sheep, you cared for the sheep."



DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.

And so he fell asleep and was comforted, but his cheeks were wet.

In the morning he broke a path down the mountain. The sun shone and the sky was blue and the world sparkled after the storm. When he reached a certain clearing he stopped and looked over the glistening expanse toward the girl's house. Suddenly his eye was caught by a flash of pink. Through that white, white world the girl was coming to meet him!

As she came up, he put out both hands and took her smaller ones in his. "I had to go," he said.

The girl felt a new dignity in his manner. She blushed and trembled, then her lips quivered. "I went home with pap," she sobbed, her cheek against his coat.

Into his face came all the tenderness of awakened manhood; his rough fingers laid back a little curl that blew about her white temple, his voice thrilled.

"I'm glad you didn't go home with Jed," he said, simply, "and that you knew just how I was a-feelin'."

She did not know, would never know, what that night had meant to him, for it is not given to such women to touch the depths of a man's soul experience; but she knew love, and so he missed nothing, as in the stillness of the perfect Christmas morning she raised her radiant face to his.

## Home-Made Christmas Sweets

**Honey Candy.**—One pint of white sugar, water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonsful of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull when cooling.

**Peanut Brittle.**—One coffee cupful of sugar. Put in frying pan and shake vigorously over hot fire until sugar is dissolved, add one-half cupful of chopped peanuts, shaking briskly. Be careful not to burn peanuts.

**Chocolate Caramels.**—One-half pound of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of light brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, and a piece of butter as big as a small apple. Cook for 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into a pan and cut into squares.

**College Girls' Fudge.**—Four ounces of chocolate, lump of butter size of an egg, two heaping cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of sweet milk; mix and boil ten minutes. Take from fire and stir until it begins to harden. Add vanilla and chopped nuts. Turn into buttered tins and cool.

**Everton Taffy.**—Dissolve a pound of granulated sugar in a teacupful of water, add one-quarter pound of butter that has been beaten to a smooth cream; flavor with lemon; cook until it "cracks" from the spoon; turn out on greased pans or slab and mark into squares with a greased knife.

**Cream Walnuts.**—One pound of white sugar, one-half teacupful of water; put on the range and boil until it threads—flavor well with vanilla, remove from the fire and stir until white and creamy. When cool enough to handle, roll into balls, press walnut halves into the sides, and drop into granulated sugar, shaking violently for a second or two.

**Fruit Nougat.**—Remove the brown skin from a pint of roasted peanuts and one-quarter of a pound of almonds by dropping for a moment into boiling water. Chop one-half a pint each of figs, citron, raisins (seeded or seedless) and candied orange peel. Moisten two pounds of sugar with a little vinegar, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and cook until almost hard, but not brittle. Beat well, adding the fruit and nuts, pour on a wet cloth and roll up like a pudding, slicing off candy in pieces after it is cold.

## Should Woman Be Educated

By Anna DeKoven

An Advocate of the Harem for the Modern Woman—Is It Dangerous to Be Clever?—A Woman Must Be Intelligent to Be Her Husband's Friend—The "Finishing School" Inadequate—Subordinate Knowledge to Charm.

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(Anna Farwell de Koven, wife of Pegnald de Koven, the composer, is well known as an author. Among her first literary work may be mentioned her translation of Pierre Loti's "The Fisherman," which was praised by the critics. In 1911 appeared her first novel, "The Sawdust Doll," dealing with society in Newport and New York. It went through ten editions and was republished in England and India. Her novel, "By the Waters of Babylon," was also a distinct success.)

The liberty of American women has become so universally accepted a fact that it has passed into a byword of comparison to the other nations.

The puritan idea has become at last transmuted, through the light and luxury of wealth and the diffused influence of widely scattered location, into a basis of fine responsibility and a finer courage. From Virginia and the more southern states we have a fluent charm, a soft womanliness and grace both lovable and admirable, but regrettably lessening with the disappearance of the characteristic life of the south.

It is too early to attempt an analysis of the western idea of American womanhood, for the west, from Cleveland and Chicago outward, is but a system of eastern colonies with only one general and determining condition, and that is liberty, under which individual traits, traditions and tendencies find their full opportunity of development.

These various ideas, historical as well as local, in their origin have produced the types of women thus largely indicated in our country. Profoundly felt and almost universally operative, beneath these varying influences, remains the old world idealism that women should be first charming, again charming and always charming. Character, logic, reason and other stern requirements of life are for the most part left to develop in some mysterious way, untended.

The desirability of a thorough collegiate education is as a rule not accepted voluntarily by the solvent portion of our national community. The female universities are demanded by the future breadwinners among women and supported by them. This is an almost universal fact and it has a double significance. It is at once a promise and a reproach. In plain words, the American girl is superficially educated except when she is compelled to earn her own living. There is a shallowness of foresight so universal, a deficiency of logic so serious and so ominous in this certainly universal inclination on the part of American parents that one may well stop and inquire its reason.

In a certain celebrated essay by Schopenhauer, an essay as acrimonious as it is profound, he remarks upon the universal jealousy between all women as women. Jealousy among men, he insists, is largely professional, when it is not intensely personal from particular emotional impulse. The male will fight for his chosen mate as long as the race continues; but watch a pretty woman, says this philosopher, as she walks the street and see the glances cast upon her by the women she crosses in her path. They are the glances of the Gorgon and the Ghibelline. The jealousy is as universal as the sex, likewise professional, in the sense that women's only profession is to please the men, their masters. He goes further and with a savage bitterness declares that the liberty of women is a monstrous idea, German-Christian in its origin, which is the curse of Europe. He advises the restoration of the feminine seclusion of the middle ages and lauds the institution of the harem, which he insists would eliminate vice and all the dangers which beset monogamous civilizations. This is indeed a vivid expression of the idea of woman and her proper function and limitation. But his idea is only too prevalent at the present time, even in America, the last outpost of European civilization. The lingering proof of this deep-seated prejudice is shown in its application to the education of American women. The conclusion derived from the prejudice is inevitable—it is dangerous to be clever. Such a reputation may be a formidable handicap in the race for happiness if a woman's happiness is in the hands of man. It is idle to deny that this is so. And here we have the reason why the daughters of the rich are guarded from any such peril, why beauty and charm, gentleness, goodness and submissiveness are the qualities which clothe a young man's fancy and dictate the choice of a wife.

The question now is pertinent. Does a cultivated mind, with its infinitely various resources, detract from charm? Does a trained logic, with its unnumberable applications to the problems of life destroy it? It is astonishing that the reasoning masculine mind for these centuries should have persisted in the conclusion that they do. The slightest hint of rivalry to the male intelligence is destructive to a budding prodigy and a glimpse of blue above a slipper more perilous than a whisper of a bifurcation.

All this is true with a solemnity profounder than its irony; but the weapon is in the hands of women, a weapon forged by centuries of subordination—the faculty of meeting conditions. In the hands of a really clever woman this is tact; in those of the inept and ignorant, deceit and subterfuge. It is only ostentatious cleverness, not cleverness at all in fact, which is a deterrent to the exercise of any charm or talent. There is never an hour in the life of a woman when the best education her powers will permit of is not an advantage. In the heyday of youth control of emotions and clearness of insight have directed many a ship pennant with beauty

and vitality which would have been driven on the rocks. And what shall be said of the years which follow crowded with opportunities—nay, necessities—for a reasonable dealing with the questions of life? No woman can be her husband's friend and helper without logic to which he may appeal and an intelligence which completes and supplements his own. And this education of character, as of mind, is not taught in a school which graduates girls in white muslin at 17 and sends them out without either mental resource or control.

Geometry teaches the logic of life and over blackboard problems Rosy Cheek learns to be the mother, wife and citizen, which every advanced civilization demands. This is the education which is developed by a serious, adequate curriculum and by none other. The special training is another matter, equally important, as it prepares a woman to meet the resistless law which links happy usefulness with occupation. The choice of study should of course be adapted to the individual learning of the student, and if indeed there is a mental constitution differing from that of man, this fact should be recognized in fitting her for her probable duties and her possible use of talent or ability.

The increasing number of eclectic courses of study gives an added freedom and breadth of opportunity most desirable and necessary and if rightfully understood should entirely remove the popular prejudice that a collegiate education, per se, fills a woman's mind with useless knowledge. A college education should mean the best education possible, and its variety should only be equalled by its thoroughness. The ordinary finishing school for girls cannot train the mind adequately because of the trifleness of its curriculum and its lack of system. Parent and teacher are alike responsible for this, neither demanding, as a rule, anything approaching a rigorous standard of education.

It is sometimes fairly astonishing to note with what shallow and careless consideration the whole subject of a girl's education is dismissed. One wonders what results can be expected from such lax attention to a supremely important matter. Can a few weeks of "science," a skimming of philosophy, dig the channels of trained and habitual thought? Can a germ of talent, literary, mathematical or plastic, be taught to grow by a brief planting and a briefer tending? Can an occasional "composition," even a certain fluency in the attractive and "harmless" literature of the modern languages, give correct and elegant forms of expression or teach the history of the words we use? The undifferentiated adjective of sweet 16 may pass amid its rippling laughter and its maiden grace, but how about the woman whose vocabulary is still confined to the eternal reiteration of "wonderful," "fascinating," and the like?

A young girl may, indeed, run a fairer chance of getting a husband if her charm is not endangered by an awkward reputation of cleverness; but the married woman needs every bit of intelligence she possesses.

The women of America are enfranchised by the customs of the country, if not by the prejudices of the so-called upper and better classes. Liberty and responsibility are ours and sooner or later we shall be called upon to fit ourselves for them. The working women know this and are rising to the demands of both necessity and opportunity. But, first and foremost, if our daughters are to be given the dangerous draught of knowledge, they must learn to subordinate it to charm. There is no impossibility about this—only the most vague and illogical prejudice against it. Every woman should be taught, first and foremost, that in all social relations knowledge must be subordinate to sympathy, merged into the charm which listens first and then expresses. All greatness is simple and, above all, unostentatious, as all strength, if balanced and serene, is sweet. True education teaches this, as it develops harmony with law, which is the "word" of the world, both spiritual and material.

The preponderance of women who intend to make a college education a preparation for a wage-earning career is a deterrent to those who consider the natural association and friendships of youth to be an all-important consideration. This deterrent must inevitably disappear with the improvement of the already established schools, many of which already approach the college standard, and with the development of the universities for women existent in America. In any case, whether this condition disappears in a short or a longer time, it must always be safer and better in this country of fluctuating social conditions to build the foundations of character and of mental cultivation firmly and well. Sweetness and grace, if individual, will not be destroyed by the education which develops character.

**Not a Merger.**

Jonah was explaining matters. "It wasn't a consolidation," he said. "It was a clear case of absorption. I was merely one of the whale's assets."

Rejoicing that he had come out whole, as it were, and landed on his feet, he resolved not to engage in any more such enterprises, and fared hopefully on the way to Nineveh.—Chicago Tribune.

**Cool Air Preferred.**

Bacon—What sort of people go to that summer resort you speak of?

Egbert—Nearly all Chicago people, I believe.

"Oh, it wouldn't suit me. I don't want to go to a place where there's so much 'hot air' you know,"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Classified.**

"Would you call rice a cereal or vegetable?" asked the inquisitive man.

"Well, I have seen times when I could consider it a missile," replied the recently married man.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Lasted a Week.**

Mrs. Niggs—My husband and I haven't quarreled for a week.

Mrs. Waggs—Why don't you make up!—Chicago News.

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## Noted Men Fond of Cats.

The cat has always been a pet in various countries of the world, and notable men have not been ashamed to admit their affection for poor pussy. Cardinal Richelieu delighted to watch kittens playing, and every three months had a fresh supply brought to replace those kittens who were growing into adulthood. Chateaubriand was also a cat lover, and the pope of the day gave him a lovely tortoiseshell cat called Micoeto, says Home Notes.

## Michael Angelo's House.

It is odd that Italy, so jealous of the immortal works of her great artists for monetary reasons, cares little for their historical associations. Even Michael Angelo's house in Rome, where he designed his "Last Judgment," where he wrote much, and where he died, has been allowed to vanish, leaving not a trace behind. A French writer visiting the place for inspiration for a history of the great Florentine with difficulty traced even the memorial tablet that once marked it.

**CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY.**

Its Date First Set as December 25 by Hippolytus.

In 225 Hippolytus, a theologian, announced that as a result of careful research he had determined that "Jesus was born on a Wednesday, on the twenty-fifth of December."

He is regarded as the original authority for celebrating Christmas on that date. A later theologian declared March 28 as the date of Christ's birth. The belief, founded on Jewish tra-

ditions, that the world was created at the period of the vernal equinox, or about March 25, was taken by both writers as a starting point upon which to base their calculations.

They held that this would naturally be the period of the creation of the new order of things springing from the incarnation.

Just when the celebration of Christmas as a religious festival began is not known, or, at least, has not been definitely established.

The Isidorian Decretals assert that

the festival was established by Telesphorus during the second century, but this authority has long been discredited.

Other authorities, more highly regarded, state that the festival of the Nativity was instituted at Antioch in 373.

Some of the Christians of the early ages held their Christmas celebration in April, others in May and still others in June.

It was not thought likely that the shepherds would have been watching

their flocks by night in December, even in India, which is apt to experience cold and rainy weather at that season.

Still it is the spirit of the time, and not the day itself, that is observed with such rejoicing, and the Christmas celebration serves as a pleasant break in the monotony of winter.

Hippolytus selected the actual birth of Christ as the beginning of a new era, while other theologians have placed the beginning at the time of the annunciation by the angels.